

MY FIRST JACK-KNIFE

I remember it well! Its horn handle, so smooth and semi-transparent, glowing with the unmeaning but magic word "Bunkum," and the blade significantly inviting you to the test, by the two monosyllables "try me." I united the characteristic recommendation on the haft, and an invitation on the blade into a small couplet, which, as nearly as I can recollect, ran thus—

"Bunkum" on the handle,
"Try me" on the blade.

If by the word on the handle you were impelled to believe that the article abounded in bumps of self-esteem, your idea would at once be corrected by the blade, which, conscious of the intrinsic merit, sailed upon you promptly to test its superiority; an union of modest assurance and assumed modesty, which I humbly recommend to all who are their own trumpeters.

I know not how it is, but I never could take half the comfort in any thing which I have since possessed, that I took in "his Jack-knife; I earned it myself, and there, I had a feeling of independence; it was bought with my own money not loaned out of my uncle, or still kind or father—money that I had silently earned on the afternoons of those days set apart for boys from time immemorial, therein to amuse themselves and annoy their mothers.

Yea! with a spirit of persevering industry and self-denial at which I do now wonder; but of a kind, the tendency of which, I do not doubt, has had its effect in the formation of many an exalted character, (from such trivial causes so great effects arise.) I went every afternoon during "berry time and picked the ripened fruit, with eagerness, for my heart was in my task.

I sold my berries, and carefully accumulated enough to purchase the treasure for which I so eagerly longed, I went to one of the village stores, and requested the conscientious dealer in tape and molasses to show me his Jack-knives; but he, seeing that I was only a boy, thinking that like many others who had bothered him before with the same request, I merely meant to amuse myself by looking at the nicest, and wishing it was mine; told me not to plague him with any nonsense while "he was mixing liquor for the gentlemen."

I turned with indignation, but felt the inward comfort of a man who has confidence in his own resources, and knows he has the power in his hands. I quietly jingled the money in my own pockets, and went to the opposite store.

I asked for Jack-knives, and was shown a lot fresh from the city, which were temptingly laid down before me, and left for me to select from while the trader went to another part of his store to please another customer. I looked over them, I opened them, I breathed upon the blades, shut them again; one was too hard to open another had no spring; finally, however, after examining them with all judgment which, in my opinion, the extent of the investment required, I selected one with a hole through the handle—and, after a dissertation with the owner upon Jack-knives in general, and this one in particular, upon hawk-bill and digger blades, and handles, iron, bone, and buckhorn, I succeeded in closing a satisfactory negotiation for it.

I took the instrument I had purchased;—I felt a sudden expansion of my boyish frame! It was my world! I deposited it in my pocket, among other valuables, twine, pipe stems, slate pencils, &c. I went home to my father; I told him how long I had toiled for it, and how eagerly I had spent time which others had allotted to play, to possess myself of my treasure.

My father gently chided me for not telling him of my wants; but, boy as I was, I observed his glistening eyes turn affectionately to my mother and then to me, and I thought that his manly form seemed to straighten up and he to look prouder! At any rate, he came to me, and, patting my curly head, told me there was no object in life which was reasonable to be desired, that honesty, self-denial, well-directed industry, and perseverance would not place within my reach; and if through life I carried the spirit of independent exertion into practice, which I had displayed in the matter of the Jack-knife, I should be that great hobby horse of little boys, a "great man."

From that moment I was a new lad. I had the walnut saplings for my bow, or the straight pine for my arrow, or carving discovered that I could rely upon myself. I took my Jack-knife, and many a time while cutting any mimic ship, did I muse upon the words of my father, so deeply are the kind expressions of judicious parents engraven on the heart and memory of boyhood.

My knife was my constant companion; it was my carpenter, my ship builder, my toy manufacturer; my factotum; it was out on all occasions never amies and always "handy," and, as I valued it, I never let it part from my neck, around which I swung it by a cord braided by my sister. I own my selfishness; I would divide my apples among my playmates, my whole store of marbles was at their service, they might knock my bats, kick my football as they chose, but I had no community of enjoyments in my Jack-knife. Its possession was connected in my mind with something so exclusive, that I could not permit an other to take it for a moment from me. I have never but once felt such a sensation since. That once when boyhood had given place to youthful manhood, & I had dared to pour forth the feelings of my heart, and open the fountains of my affection to one who has since proved worthy of my devotion. O! there is a wild and delicious luxury in one's boyish anticipations and youthful day dreams.

If, however, the use of my Jack-knife afforded me its pleasure, the abstract idea of its possession was no less a source of enjoyment. I was for the time being, a little prince among my fellows—a perfect monarch. Let no one explain against aristocracy; were all perfectly equal to-day there would be an aristocracy to-morrow, talent, judgment, skill, tact, industry, perseverance will place some one on the top, while the contrary attributes will place others at the bottom of fortune's ever revolving wheel.

The ploughman is an aristocrat if he excels in his vocation; the ploughman is an aristocrat if he turns a better or a straighter furrow than his neighbor; the poorest poet is an aristocrat if he writes more feelingly, in a purer language or with more euphonic jingle than his contemporaries; the fisherman is an aristocrat if he wields his harpoon with more skill, and hurls it with a deadlier energy than his messmates, or has even learned to fix his bait more alluringly on his bearded hook. And the pedagogue is the veriest aristocrat in creation; surrounded by his subjects, and dispensing his favors amid the multitude of barefooted urchins, he feels an inward satisfaction which he will strive in vain to equal among a community of men.

All have their foibles; all have some possession "with secret pleasure held apart," upon which they pride themselves, and I was proud of my Jack-knife! Spirit of Socrates, forgive me; was there no pride in dying like a philosopher? Spirit of Demosthenes forgive me! Was there no pride in your address to the boundless and roaring ocean? Spirit of David was there no pride in the deadly hurling of the smooth pebble, which sank deep into the forehead of your enemy. And ye countless anchorites and devotees, who have prized yourselves on our humbleness, and tortured your bodies before men, were your austere afflictions of self and daily penances tinged with no earthly feeling? no pride or heart? no aristocracy.

But I must take my Jack-knife and cut short this digression. Let no man say this or that occurrence, "will make no difference fifty years hence," a common but dangerous phrase. I am now a man of three score; I can point my finger to my ships, there to my ware house; my name is well known in two hemispheres; I have drank deeply of intellectual pleasures, have served my country in many important stations; have had my gains and made my losses; have seen many who started with fairer prospects, but with no compass, wrecked before me; but I have been impelled in my operations, no matter how extensive, by the same spirit which conceived and executed the purchase of the Jack-knife. And, reflecting reader, youthful or aged I have found my account in it—and, perhaps, in after years, there will be those who will say that the predictions of my father were fulfilled and that from small beginnings, by "honesty, self-denial, well-directed industry, and perseverance, Martin Thistle became truly a great man.

THE LIBERTINE.—If there is a being on earth who deserves the contempt and loathing pity of every honest mind; who pollutes the very ground on which he treads (and I care not how high his station or how low his rank)—it is that thing, who dead to every dictate of honor and humanity, and dead to every solemn obligation which cements society together, regardless of the ties of affection and the preservation of moral purity and innocence, will deliberately work the destruction of female character and blast her prospects for life, who will enter the social sanctuary, sit at the social board, make one of the same social circle around the domestic hearth, and for the gratification of his debased and beastly nature, arrest the current of social happiness, and in its stead, place the flowing tears of anguish, misery and disgrace. We know not in what rank to station such a monster; the midnight robber appears lovely by his side; the assassin is honorable compared to him; the wild untutored savage would shrink from his touch. Explore the earth, search its caverns, its mountains, its cities leave not a spot unexplored; not a living creature unexamined; and bring forth the most hideous and loathsome specimen in existence; and it would not call such a traitor companion. Perhaps this is the language of severity—we'll the subject will bear it. In fact a more despicable being enters not into the conception of the human mind; he should be avoided as the damning excrecence of mortality—a monster whose breath is poison and whose grasp is death.

THE SABBATH.—But blessings and ten thousand blessings be upon that day, and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me on a week day, I have thought of the millions of immortal creatures toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery and the greedy craving of mercantile gain, and suddenly that golden interval of time has lain before me, in all its brightness; a time, and a perpetual recurring time, in which the earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the angels of God, come down and walk once more among men. Ten thousand blessings on this day—the friend of man and beast! The bigot would rob it of its healthful freedom on the one hand, and coop man up in his workday dungeons, and cease him to walk with downcast eyes and demure steps; and the libertine would debase it to his sober decorum on the other. God, and the sound heart and sterling sense of honest men, preserve it from both these evils.

Let us still avoid puritan rigidity and foreign dissipation. Let our children, and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the intervals of solemn worship, have freedom to walk in the face of heaven and the beauty of earth, for in the great temple of nature stand together health and piety. For myself, I speak from experience; it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday and, like Isaac meditate in the fields; and especially in the sweet tranquility, and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never in temple or in closet did more hallowed influence fall upon my heart. With the twilight and the hush of earth, a tenderness has stolen upon me—a love for every creature on which God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork—but especially for every child of humanity; and then I have been made to feel that there is no oration like that which has heaven itself its roof, and no teaching like the teaching of the Spirit which created, and still overshadows the world with its wing.—Howitt.

ELLISLER AND THE DYING CHILD.

The folly of lavishing princely sums upon foreign dancers is powerfully exhibited in the two following sketches. One represents Mail, Ellsler on a benefit night, and the other pictures a dying child on the same evening. Hear them:

"She floated about like a fair, but very voluptuous looking spirit, and cut her toes bither and thither, and swayed her body to and fro in a way which was a caution to all inflammable young gentlemen, gray headed or not. The lovely, enchanted, and made all bright with their smiles; the vast crowd of men shouted and applauded their whole might, and the beautiful dancing woman giving them an extra flirt or two, which set them off in a perfect agony of delight, made her bow—the curtain dropped, the dear Fanny tapping her wing your neck off, upon the shoulder, said 'dere, dere is to one thousand dollars almost—now let us go.' But the audience said no, and they shouted and screamed, and thumped for her to come out and—

"At that moment, in an obscure hovel, open in many parts to the cold, biting winds, with-out fire, alone sat a poor woman, holding to her child's bosom her sick and dying babe, while upon a rude pallet of straw lay two shivering little creatures, her children too. Her eyes were heavy with watching, her cheek sunken with hunger and suffering, her heart filled with the very gall and bitterness of life. Still how truly, oh! how truly, answered that heart to the pang of a mother loved, as she gazed into the innocent face of her dying babe; how fast flowed the tears from her eyes which had known little but sorrow and weeping through many weary days—how deep and fervent was the prayer which came up from the very fountains of privation and grief. There was no heart near to sympathize, no kind hand to aid, no soft voice to soothe—the physician's healing art—charity's angel arm came not to soften the dying moments of her babe, and as life flickered and waned in its fair urn, and the sobs of the mother sounded in that solitary room, as in the agony of her grief she exclaimed, 'a few pence had saved thee to me, my sweet babe,'—as the sleepers on the pallet of straw murmured in their uneasy slumber; 'Mother, dear mother, give me some bread'—as the keen wind came through the crevices and she clasped the dying child to her bosom; at that moment, a dancing woman, a stranger, with her wealth of thousands and her ingots of gold and silver—made her last graceful bow, and took the princely sum which was her's for a few moment's pleasant labour.

"As the spectators gave their last shout the babe's innocent spirit winged its flight to heaven, and the mother gazed in despair upon all that remained to her of the little prattler whom she so dearly loved.

"Such is life."

A merchant, who failed in business, held the following consultation with his clock: 'You,' said he, 'are a mere mechanical affair while I have the principal of action in myself. Very true,' returned the clock, 'but when you wind up your affairs, you stop business when my affairs are wound up, I go the longer for it.'

BOOT & SHOE STORE
Situating in the building formerly occupied as a Grocery by Mr. Stumph, & opposite the Mansion House,
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

CONRAD GENTSCH,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of New Philadelphia, that he carries on the above Business in all of its various branches, and as he keeps none other than his own manufacture he can confidently recommend his work to all who may favor him with their custom.

Particular attention will be given to the manufacture of Gentlemen's FINE BOOTS, as this work will be done by one of the best Bootmen in the country. ALSO—Ladies' Work by Measure.

A general assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES (of his own make) constantly on hand.

The Public are respectfully invited to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO
Groceries, such as Wine, Beer and cider, & Liquor by the quart and gallon
Nw Philadelphia, Aug. 16, 1839.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

JOSEPH W. NEWBURGH, would respectfully inform his old friends and the public in general, that he carries on the above business in all its various branches, one door East of J. I. Smith's Store, where he may at all times be found to attend to all work intrusted to him. He flatters himself it will be done as durable, neat and fashionable as it can be done in the country. He intends at all times to keep in his employ good competent workmen, and his means to receive the Fashions is amply provided for.

To accommodate his friends in the country, he will take nearly all kinds of country produce.

NEW
Tailoring Establishment,
SAMUEL H. ADAMS.

WOULD respectfully inform the citizens of Dover, and the adjoining counties, that he has commenced the Tailoring business in the Town of Canal Dover, merchants row Factory Street, two doors west of Montfry & McClean's New Store, in the room formerly occupied by Mrs. M. C. Gloninger as a confectionary, where Clothing will be made in the most fashionable & fitting manner; from his experience in the above business, he feels assured that he will be able to render general satisfaction to all, who are pleased, to give him a call.

Dover, April 10th 1840. if

THE PHILADELPHIA MAMMOTH. SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A new volume of this well established and highly popular family newspaper, GREATLY ENLARGED and IMPROVED, with entirely new TYPE commenced May 1st, 1841. The paper is printed in beautiful type and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "the handsomest family newspaper in the Union." Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity with utility and taste. The Post is printed on stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing. It is issued at the old established rate of two dollars per annum cash, or THREE DOLLARS in not paid in advance, and may be truly said, now that it is enlarged, to be the

LARGEST PAPER IN THE COUNTRY
at the price it is sold. It has all the merits, and none of the defects of the large papers of the day, for while the earliest literary matter may be found in its columns, a judicious compilation of domestic and foreign news, with the usual variety of wit and sentiment, will render it a better family paper. The proprietors make no flourish of trumpets about the size and cleanness of the paper, or the firmness upon which the "Evening Post" stands. It is not necessary. It has borne the battle and the breeze for the last TWENTY ONE YEARS, and has faced and buried all kinds of opponents.

THE MODE OF CONDUCTING IT.
The proprietors having for a long time deprecated the floods of foreign literature, indiscriminately republished in this country, have determined, without altogether neglecting this field, to select nothing but the choicest tales and sketches, from the English periodicals; and they have made arrangements by which they can furnish these to their subscribers in advance of the writers of their own country. We shall still continue the plan of giving original stories from popular American writers. The well known Author of "Crucifixion in the last War," opened the volume with the first of a new series of thrilling nautical tales. In addition to the old, a number of new Contributors will enrich its columns with choice and entertaining original articles. In order that the SATURDAY EVENING POST may maintain its high position, as the

FIRST FAMILY NEWSPAPER
in the United States; arrangements have been made for a regular supply of choice and entertaining

ORIGINAL TALES,
historical sketches, poetry, &c. We have been publishing for months past an unbroken series of choice original stories which have been procured at great cost, and have been widely copied and read. These we shall continue.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENT.
While it shall be the care of the proprietors to preserve for the paper, a high literary reputation; the great desideratum for a family newspaper, a carefully selected news department shall not be second in interest or importance. While in every thing of note that is passing either in this country or in Europe shall be carefully selected or collected for our readers, a due regard shall be paid to the character of the matter. So that the paper may be with safety and propriety introduced and read in the family circle.

THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
will still be preserved, shall be choice and select, and shall receive strict attention. It shall be the effort of the editors to embrace in this department such selections of the floating literature of the day, as may be in an especial manner suited to the instruction and amusement of the female sex, and to combine the fashionable, with the truly useful and good.

Such things as may suit that important and large class of our subscribers,

THE FARMERS.
will not be overlooked. In order to gratify, as much possible, the laudable desire of our readers, a portion of our attention will be devoted to the collection and diffusion of such news as may seem IMPORTANT TO AGRICULTURALISTS, and the population resident without the confines of our great cities. The state of the markets and the fluctuations in the prices, will be regularly and what is of more moment, correctly given. We determined at the outset, that while the paper continued under our control, it should be strictly

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.
and that as news, and literary journals, we had nothing to do with the matter; this determination has been strictly and rigidly adhered to, and while we shall continue to give our readers, such public documents, as may be deemed of interest to all, and such a history of the progress of political events, as are strictly in keeping with our duty, and the character of the paper, we shall studiously, and thoroughly avoid any contamination of partisan politics.

THE TERMS.
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, will be furnished at the exceedingly low price of TWO DOLLARS per annum, invariably in advance. We will send a copy to any person who may wish to see a specimen, by giving notice, POST PAID.

INDUCEMENT TO CLUBS.
As friends and neighbors often wish to club together to facilitate remittances, we will send

3 Copies for 5 Dollars in advance.
Post paid,
7 Copies for 10 do. do.
No New subscribers Received without the money.

We have no desire to extend our list but with cash subscribers, and the paper is sufficiently established to enable us to exact compliance with this golden rule. The Post is made worth more than the money, and it must be paid by those who wish the paper.

To those who wish to subscribe, we would say, that the safest plan is to enclose the money in a letter and direct to us. Most Post Masters will frank their letters if relating to nothing but the business of the office, and all post-masters who will be kind enough to do so we shall be pleased to acknowledge.

EDITORS who wish to exchange, will please copy, and forward a number of their paper, marked with ink to this office, and their favor shall be promptly acknowledged without fraud or delay, as is but too often the case.

Address GEO. R. GRAHAM & Co.
South West corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

A NEW VOLUME, IN SPLENDID STYLE.

JULY, 1841.
GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

The great increase in the subscription list of this highly popular Magazine, (the edition having more than doubled in less than six months,) induces the proprietor, to commence a new volume with the July number. It will be issued in the most attractive style, with the first of a new series, of

RICH ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS,
got up in a manner, that shall surpass any used in any other American Magazine. In addition to the fact, that we employ the talent of the very best American artist, in the engraving of the plates for this work, it must be remembered, the most of the subjects selected, are

ORIGINAL AMERICAN PICTURES,
which have never been before engraved, and are consequently, the newest that can be brought before the public.

Highly Colored Fashions.
It must be remembered, that the Fashion plates of this Magazine, are the best in coloring and design that can be found in any work published in this country or in Europe. They are engraved and colored for this Magazine, by the best artists that the country can produce, and are drawn, always from the latest designs from Paris and London, and consequently may always be relied upon as the prevailing style in the United States, for the month in which they are issued. We pay more for coloring than any other publication, and always have the best.

The Contributors.
In addition to the unusually fine array of original contributions, which the Magazine has thus far boasted, arrangements have been made with a number more, of the day, so that space and variety may be looked for in the literary department of the new volume.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.
This interesting feature of the Magazine shall still be preserved as important to young sportsmen, and in fact to all young or old, who delight in the sports of the rod and gun. Articles in this department shall be from acknowledged pens, and of the very best authority.

NEW TYPE AND PAPER.
The volume will be opened with a new and beautiful type, cast expressly for the work, the mechanical execution shall be of surpassing neatness, and the printing upon the finest white paper.

New and Popular Music.
The choicest pieces of new and popular music for the Piano forte and Guitar shall be selected for its pages, and two or more pages shall appear regularly each month. In this way subscribers in remote country towns, can always have the latest music at low rates, almost as soon as it is published.

TERMS CASE.
The terms are \$5 for a single subscription, and in no case will the price be stated, or two copies for \$5 free of post.

and discount, at any distance. No subscription will be received in any case without the money. This rule is important and will not be departed from.

Address post-paid, GEO. R. GRAHAM,
S. W. corner 3d and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

Exchange will please Copy,

and send their paper, hereafter, addressed to the Editor of the Evening Post, which will save the publisher's postage.

The Village Hotel,



BY C. F. ESPICH.

THE Subscriber takes this opportunity of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a house of public entertainment, by the name of the VILLAGE HOTEL, at his former residence in the town of New Philadelphia, where by attending in person to the wants of his guests, he hopes to merit and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

He deems it unnecessary to speak of the splendor in which his TABLE, BAR, &c. will be furnished, believing that those who may favor him with a call, will need no further recommendation to induce them to call again. He will, however, say, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to accommodate travellers, and render their stay with him agreeable.

BOARDERS will be taken by the week or month, on the most reasonable terms.

C. F. ESPICH.

New Philadelphia, Nov. 20, 1840.

Boots & Shoes.

500 Pair
READY MADE & FOR SALE BY

J. MARTIN who would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he still carries on the above business, in its various branches, one door East of J. J. Borres' Grocery Store, having just received a new and general assortment of **BOOTS & SHOES** &c., adapted to the Season—Being carefully selected by and from several of the most experienced manufacturers in the City, may be relied on to be good. Intending also more extensively to continue the manufacturing business, by keeping in his employ the best workman, he can obtain, and having on hand abundance of Stock and findings, which challenge comparison in this place. He hopes Providence permitting to be able constantly to furnish any demand, give general satisfaction, and justly merit a sufficient share of public patronage. Determined to improve his business by all fair means—he assures those who may favor with a call, that he will sell as low for good pay as articles of the same kind, and quality, so far as he knows can be had in this part of the Country.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

THESE Pills have been before the American public over 5 years, their restorative and curative properties are fully estimated by hundreds of thousands of both sexes, and they are still growing in repute where ever they are known. Wherever a prejudice exists it is because counterfeit pills have been used. Ask any one who has used the genuine Pills, and a hearty recommendation will be the sure result.

The great principle of "PURGING" in sickness is beginning to be appreciated. It is found much more convenient to take an occasional dose of half a dozen pills and be always well than to send for a Doctor and be bled, blistered and salivated with the certainty that if you are not killed, you will be sure to have months of miserable weakness, and the only one who is benefited is your Doctor. Look up the difference between the appearance of those two persons—one has been treated by your regular practitioners—see how pale and debilitated he is, see how the shadow of death throws his solitary glance from his emaciated countenance, see how he trembles in every limb; his eyes sunk, his teeth destroyed—his constitution perhaps irrevocably gone—yet, just hear how the Doctor arrogates to himself credit. He says "most inveterate case of liver complaint"—"nothing but the most energetic remedies saved him." Energetic measures! i. e. Mercury and Bleeding, ruined his constitution. Better say. So to save life you must half poison with that comforter of the teeth and gums—MERCURY—positive make a man miserable the said remainder of his existence, this is called curing Shocking folly!

Let us now look at this "purged man"—the man who has taken Brandreth's Pills for Liver Complaint—he has the firm elastic rod of conscious strength, his countenance is clear and serene, his eyes full and sparkling with the feeling of new life and animation; he has been confined a few days to his bed, but he used nothing but the true Brandreth's Pills, and soon rose without any injury being sustained by his constitution. Instead of being months in a weak state he will be stronger, after he has entirely recovered the attack, because his blood and fluids have become purified, and having purged away the old and impure fluids, the solids are thereby renovated, and he is not borne down by useless particles, but has renewed his life and body both.

This principle of purging with Brandreth's Pills, removes nothing but the useless and decayed particles from the body,—morbid and corrupt humors of the blood; and those humors which cause disease—they impede the function of the liver when they settle upon that organ, and which, when they settle upon the muscles produce rheumatism, or upon the nerves, produce gout or upon the lungs, produce consumption, or upon the intestines, costiveness, or upon lining of the blood vessels, a apoplexy and paralysis, and all the train of disorders so melancholy to the sufferer and all who behold him.

Yes, purging these humors from the body is the true cure for all these complaints, and every other form of disease; this is no mere assertion, it is a demonstrable truth; and each day it is a demonstrable truth, and each day it is extending itself far and wide it is becoming known, and more and more appreciated.

CAUTION.—Dr. B. Brandreth never appoints "Juggists, Peddlars, Doctors or Apothecaries, as hangers, therefore if you want to be sure to have THE REAL BRANDRETH'S PILLS, never purchase at Drug Stores or of Peddlars, Doctors or Apothecaries. The Pills they sell in my name being universally all counterfeits.

All who sell the genuine Pills have a certificate of agency, signed by Dr. B. in his own handwriting, and renewed every 12 months, and have entered into bonds of \$500, to sell none other Pills than they receive from Dr. Brandreth or his duly appointed travelling agents, who have invariably a power of attorney, signed by the Clerk of the County of N. York. OBSERVE, The certificate is not Letter press written or Lithographic. It is Engraved.—The said certificate being no guarantee to the public after 12 months from date MAKES—When you want Pills to make sure you are right, ask to see the certificate of agency. Those who sell counterfeits, and never had one, will tell you it is mislaid, lost, &c.

Price 25 cents, with full directions.

The following are the only authorized agents for the sale of Dr. Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills, in the counties of Tazewell and Carroll.

John P. Chapin—New Philadelphia.
John Dixon—Sandyville.
Wm. D. Jenkins—Carrollton. no 65. 6m

A mechanic went to the house of a farmer to buy some wheat, and inquired the price.—"Do you want it very much?" inquired an honest negro who had charge of the granary. "Yes," said the mechanic, "but why do you ask that question?" "Cause massen say if you want it very much, the price is one dollar and a half; but if you don't want it none at all, you may have it for a dollar."